# HIS ORIENTAL RECORD.

The Story of a Swindler.

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This is the biography of a gentleman who is spending his fallow days in a jail in one of

the southern States because of something that

does not come at all into this narrative. Sidney Langdon came to Rangoon in Burmah with a theatrical aggregation. The company had a name, but no matter, for probably the members are not all in jail. They came up somewhere from the southern seas-Singa-Penang way, and the cashier's billet had ome a hollow mockery, for they played had business. In Rangoon their theatrical thin plunged for the last time, sank hopelessly and they were left stranded. Sidney Langdon, manager, up to that time had financed h extraordinary ability. When business had Langdon's wits came into play and ided them over the immediate difficulty. He

while hose Exersised was an observant sopher, for these were the lines Langdon of the people of Rangoonon, "Ave a bottle to the got a high-wheeled flash dog cart spokes and yellow gear and a lacquer and black hody down from Dack & Co. slower because his purchase money had

is rich father in America for a substantial intance to open up a big commercial house langoon, for he liked the place oon mobody was greater than Mr. Langdon apartments were sumptuous, his wards e elaborately awful, and his energy in ing a bottle' with any good chap indegate But solitary grandeur palled upon a him' he was good looking and from among many markens, who sighed for association of the dishing broken, he selected one whose

Langdon was generous to a local control of the fact that the gifts were all lay in the fact that the gifts were a force of the standard force of the second of the second

Then the bookmaker had a protracted season tided them over the immediate difficulty. He won them out of Australia with his gun at pigeon matches, for he was a crack shot. He borrowed them out of Hong Kong, for next to shooting he was an adept at the art of raising a loan. Just how they got out of Singapore nebody could quite say, not even themselves, but they did, and struck Rangoon financially embarrassed.

If it had been a circus, they would have made morey in Rangoon, for that's the one sort of European entertainment, the Burmess will flock to. Given a trick elephant, an opium-doped tiger of two, some short-skirted barebook riders, and a brass band of malignant power, a financial success is assured. But langdon's company were fiftheleass minster arisis, and he lacked even the brass band. Debts accumulated, and men with money to loan were all in the rice business, and would not listen to his fairy tales of the big bouses he would be sure to play to in Calcutt. Then the manager disappeared, leaving the customary disconsiblate lot of selicitous creditions. With burbaric avariciousness one of these traced Langdon to Calcutta, had him arrested and brought back to Rangoon. It wasn't clever, it was even more than siliv, as after events proved. Freed from the meaning range of the dozen musical weeks Langdon had been contryling as a star combination, because the combination of the control of the con

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